

## **Day 11 hug by mampysou**

**Series:** Harringrove April [5]

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Blood and Injury, Fights, Harringrove April, Healing, Homophobia, Homophobic Language, M/M

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2021-04-11

**Updated:** 2021-04-11

**Packaged:** 2022-04-01 01:55:52

**Rating:** Mature

**Warnings:** Graphic Depictions Of Violence

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 2,053

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Steve helps someone heal.

## Day 11 hug

He doesn't know why he followed the noise; you'd think after everything that had happened over the last year in Hawkins he wouldn't, but here he was chasing after a strange grumbling sound. He couldn't quite describe it. It sounded human. Just. Whatever or whoever it was sounded in pain, and being the sap he was, he needed to check it out before he could leave with peace of mind.

The back street was dark and damp in the rain, the fat drops bounced out of puddles and dropped from his nose. The noise was getting louder and he tried his best to quiet his feet. His mother always said he sounded like a baby elephant when he moved around and complained loudly, and regularly, that he woke her on his way out to work. He was sure he had to turn one more corner and he would be in sight of whatever was making the noise.

He steeled himself, preparing to run in case he once again came face to face with a monster from a different dimension. Though running wouldn't do him much good if he did. A sudden need to be armed tore through him as he scanned the floor for anything that could be used as a weapon. He picked up a trash can lid and swing it around a few times. If that hero guy in Dustin's comics could use a shield to beat people up surely Steve could do the same, right?

He tested its weight and slipped his hand through the handle, gripping it tightly. All his friend would be cursing his name if they knew where he was right now. He had promised them and, in turn, made them promise him that this wasn't something they would be doing by themselves ever. If there was ever any sign of trouble he *should* radio immediately and they would come running. Night or day his little pack of nerds would be there.

But for some reason Steve was convinced that this was something he shouldn't call them for. It's not that he won't need them, but he felt like they shouldn't see what's coming. It sent a shiver of nerves and apprehension down his spine as he reached the corner. 'Shield' up and ready he took the final step towards the unknown.

The last thing he expected to see when he rounded the building was a

person scrunched into the smallest ball possible, flithy, wet and bleeding. He didn't recognise them, but he rushed forwards regardless. He checked the area for anything suspicious, before crouching next to shaking body.

He could see they were male now, no women in Hawkins were built like that. Strong arms wrapped over his head, like he was protecting it, and his knees touched his chest. A feat would have deemed impossible if he hadn't seen it, due to so incredibly tight blue jeans.

The guy had cuts up his arms and what looked to be handprints wrapped around his wrists. His jeans had tears in them, and grazes in the holes like he had fallen on the pavement. He could see tiny bits of gravel wedged inside the cuts and scrapes, which were crying out to be cleaned.

Steve didn't touch him at first, seeing how terrified this guy was he didn't know how he would react. He just spoke to him in quiet but firm terms.

"Hey. How can I help?" he said seeing the whole-body shudder as his voice reached the boys ears. "You're injured and need medical attention, can I drive you to the hospital?"

The guys head shot up and Steve tried not to fall back on his arse. Billy Hargrove's face looked back at him frozen in terror. His blue eyes ringed with red and both eye sockets turning deep shades of purple. His lip was cut and he had another hand print around his neck.

"No fucking hospitals." He croaked voice not sounding anything like Steve knows it should.

Steve kept calm. It didn't matter who it was, Billy still needed help and he would give it as best he could. "Right, so can I take you back home?" This reaction was worse. Billy flinched away from him, back hitting the wall, and Steve heard all the air puff out of him.

"Okay so not home either then." Steve supplied.

Billy, who Steve was sure hadn't recognised him yet, probably

because his eyes were on the way to swelling up, tried to speak again. He coughed twice before he managed, “That ain’t my home no more.” And his head dropped back into his hands.

Steve nodded to himself and came up with his last suggestion, he had assumed that not hospitals meant, no police either because taking someone in in this condition would over lead to them turning up anyway.

“My house then. Its empty, just me home tonight and I have all the stuff I need to help you out.” He watched for any reaction and for a while there was nothing. Just as he was about to give in, he caught the barest nod of his head in agreement.

“I am going to help you up, okay?” He reached out to grab Billy somewhere it probably wouldn’t hurt too much, only to be shoved away by tattered fists. Whoever did this to Billy, he obviously fought back. He watched as Billy tried to stand with very little success. Steve gently wrapped his arm around his waist, hoisted Billy’s arms around his shoulders and started the long trudge back to his car.

What felt like an hour later, but was probably only about fifteen minutes, they got back to Steve’s car. Billy went rigid next to him; he internally cursed the blonde must have recognised his car.

“Jesus fuck, of course it’s you, Harrington.” He spluttered around a cough.

“Yeah, yeah, just get in the car so we can get you sorted out, Hargrove.” He complained as he man-handled Billy into the bimmer. “What happened Billy?” he asked as he climbed into the driver’s seat.

“Got beat up moron. What the fuck does it look like?” he grumbled at Steve.

“Hargrove got beat up? Who did you fight a *giant*?” he asked trying his best to keep the mocking from his voice.

“No, just four guys.”

“Four? Why the hell did they do that?” he asked. How on earth Billy got a single punch in was beyond him. Fighting four people wasn’t

like in the movies. They didn't wait patiently for the first guy to stop hitting you then attack. No, they tended to rush you, hoping to overwhelm, which clearly, they managed.

"What did you say to get in this state?" he amended. Billy had a notoriously short fuse; one Steve had been on the receiving end of more than once.

Billy looked so pale. His tan face was much greyer now losing nearly all its usual golden colour. "Was just being me. Didn't know his friends were waiting. Fucking dick heads."

"What do you mean being me?" he asked quietly trying not to spook him now he was opening up. He could only imagine he wasn't entirely sure what he was saying.

"m usually more careful ya know." Billy's words were slurring but he seemed to be on a role. "But he was hot and was flirtin' so I thought fuck it. Let's try." Steve thought he got what Billy was saying but this is *Billy Hargrove*, he could be, could he? "He tugged me round a corner then his buddies were there and they just went off. Calling me a faggot and stuff." He groaned. "My head is fucking killing me."

Steve stayed silent. Just drove towards his house in shock. Billy had just told him he was gay. Or at very least liked to hook up with guys. He wouldn't judge. He was friends with Robin and he could appreciate a hot looking guy. Rob Lowe and David Bowie were something else. So, yea, no judging here.

He pulled into his drive and Billy was drifting off in his seat. Steve knew this wasn't great, he needed Billy to stay awake. He had no clue why, just that it was bad news. He slammed the car door shut behind him hoping it would jar Billy awake before he had to get him out of the car.

Luck was on his side for once as Billy stared at him, glassy eyed but at least awake. Heaving Billy into the house was no mean feat, especially as this time he seemed to be putting in little to no effort.

"You weigh a fucking tonne!" Steve complained as he propped Billy against the door.

“s’all muscle baby!” he grinned at Steve, tongue peeking out from behind his bloodied teeth and swaying a bit as he attempted to flex. Steve just held in an eye roll. Of course Billy was flirting, he would always find time to flirt no matter how beaten down he looked.

“Just get in the house Hargrove.” He said pointing in the direction of kitchen. Billy seemed to have regained some semblance of control as his used the wall to help him in the right direction. Steve tried not to cringe as he watched the smear of blood and dirt lengthen down the hall but at least he would have a while to clean it up before anyone else came home again.

He found Billy slumped on the floor, against a cabinet, head once again cradled in his hands. Steve collected what he needed from around his house and returned to crouch down near him again. He laid everything out in between them both and pointed to each one as he was about to use it. He moved slowly, gently and carefully whilst he cleaned and patched up Billy.

Billy just stared at him the entire time. He nodded silently every time Steve asked permission to do something until he finished. He still looked like shit but at least he wasn’t bleeding anymore.

“So...” Steve started, not really knowing where he was going. “Can I get you to go to the cops Billy? Those guys targeted you and that fucking sucks.” Billy was already shaking his head. “But Hopper could help you Billy!” Steve insisted.

“No fucking way. No one would help me, he would probably just add to the bruises. No one helps people like me Harrington.” He snapped, but there was no venom in it. Just aching sadness that Steve felt to his core.

“I did. And I would again.” He stated softly. But quickly he felt anger rising inside him. “You shouldn’t have to go through this shit just because you are... Because you like... Guys!” He was so angry by the end, how could anyone believe they were so alone that no one would help them when they were hurt and broken? Part of Steve screamed that he understood. It could have gone that way for him after Nancy if he hadn’t had Dustin or Robin.

"I'm dirty, Harrington. People don't like dirty things." He told him. His shoulders were slumped and he looked down and away from Steve.

Steve surged forward and ignored Billy's flinch as he did. He wrapped his arms around his shoulders and pulled his head in towards his neck. It was a damn awkward hug but eventually Billy relaxed and locked his hands behind Steve's back. As he held Billy he spoke to him. "You are not alone Billy. Any time you need help you come to me. I will help you. You aren't dirty." He hesitated but ploughed on to a confession.

"If you're dirty then so am I. And so is my best friend. So fuck them and stay where we can help." A silence hung in the air it was tense as he felt Billy's hands tighten in his jacket.

"You're like me?" he asked. His voice muffled by Steve's shoulder.

"Yeah, I am." He stated. It was the first time he had admitted it to himself let alone said it out loud.

"Oh." Not quite what Steve was expecting him to say.

"Yeah, oh."

Billy lifted his head and looked Steve straight in the eyes and said, "So Harrington, can I take you on a date?"

#### **Author's Note:**

Hope you like this one.